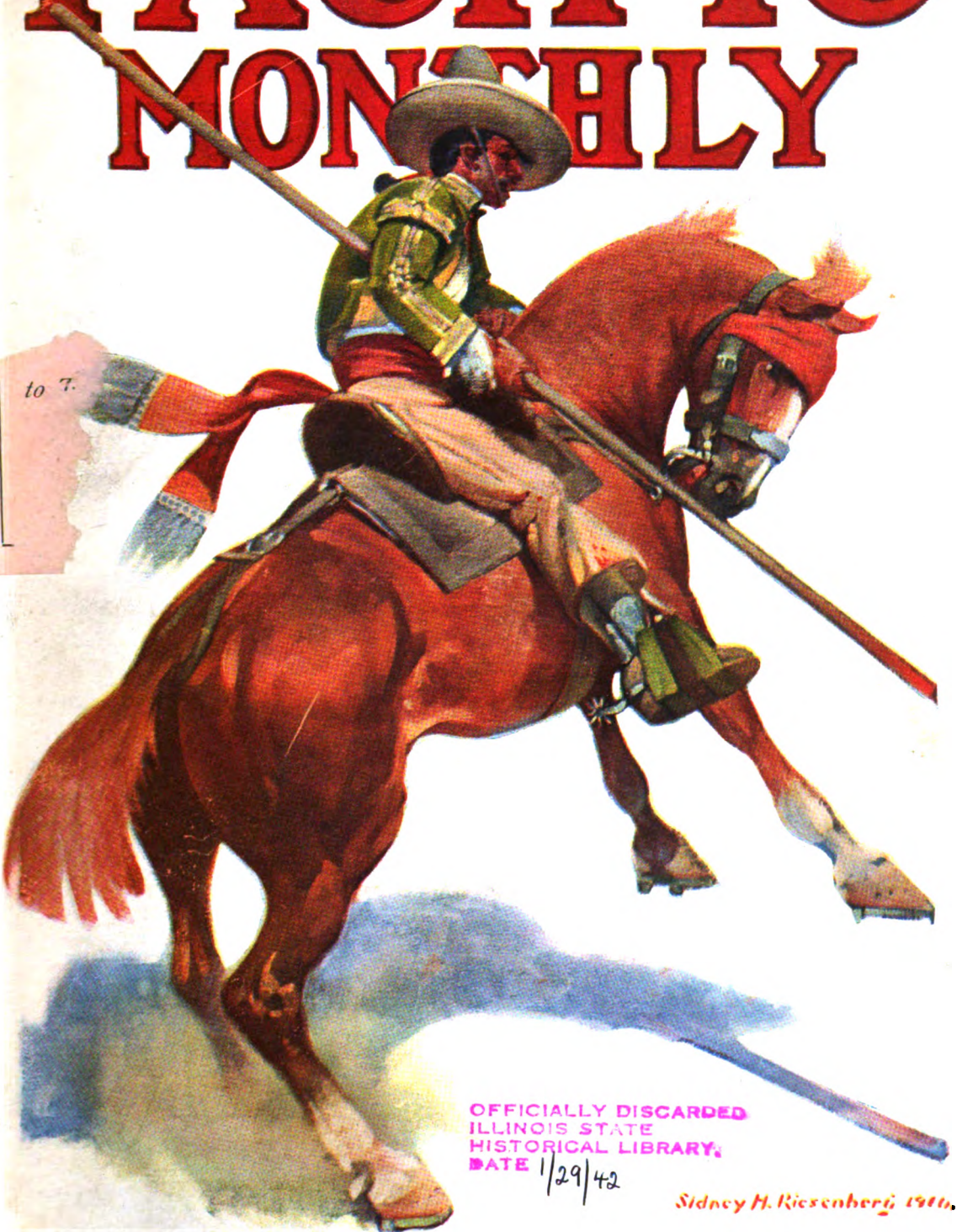


JANUARY 1911

the

PRICE 15 CENTS

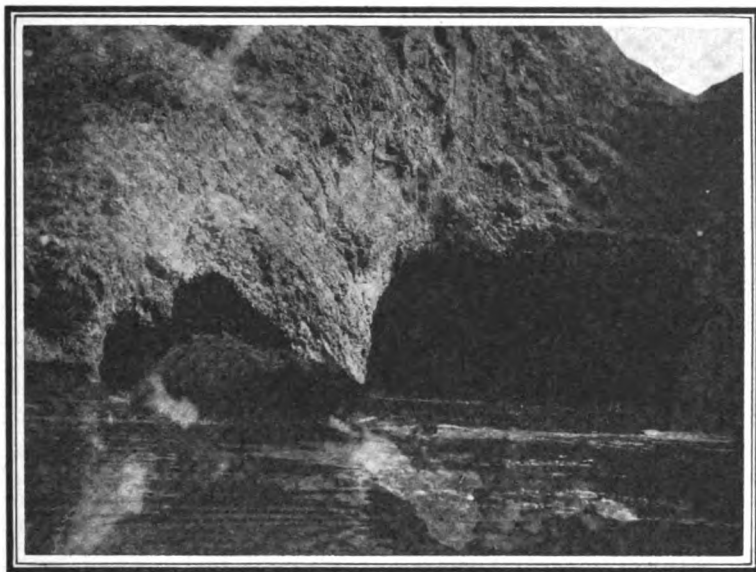
PACIFIC MONTHLY



OFFICIALLY DISCARDED
ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL LIBRARY
DATE 1/29/42

Sidney H. Riesenberg, 1911.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY COMPANY
PORTLAND, OREGON



A BIT OF THE CAVERNED COAST OF THE WILD-PIG COUNTRY.

Hunting the Wild Boar

By Stewart Edward White



IN a certain isolated southern country is a range of mountains running parallel to the sea. These mountains are not very high, nor very precipitous. They are threaded by several large flat-bottomed cañons which extend well inland. From the cañons are various tributary ravines or *barrancas*, of varying depths and precipitateness. The slopes are either bare, or grown impartially with prickly pear (*cholla*) or greasewood. To seaward is a narrow mesa, which breaks off abruptly to cliffs. Against them the sea pounds continually. On ledges and in caves, the seals bark. An occasional cove or a stretch of beach alone affords a precarious opportunity to "surf" a boat. The water of this land is strongly alkali; and the wind blows three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

As for inhabitants, there are none.

Wild cattle and horses wander on the rounded tops of the hills. At long intervals, cowboys for many miles across the ranges ride over to cut out the animals desired. The rest of the time, save for these, the gulls and pelicans and bosn's birds, the lizards and snakes, the seals and the wild boar, the country is void of life. It was because of the last-named that I came.

Many years ago, how many nobody knows clearly, the early Spanish settlers turned loose a few hogs. They exhibit now few traces of the domestic animal. A true reversion to the old, wild type seems to have taken place. The head is large, the shoulders strong, the flanks small. A stiff, sparse, bristly hair covers the beast. He has close-set ears, and long, keen tusks. I have a pair of tusks more than nine inches long, and as sharp as knives. Their owner was quick on his feet, strong, and wary.

Most of the time, these creatures live

on roots; but, in the calving and foaling season, they do great damage to the new born. As they have increased vastly in numbers, they have become a pest. The cattlemen can do little to get rid of them. To kill as many as possible is a virtue.

At a certain time, then, Wes and I were landed through the pounding surf. We had with us our rifles, knives, camp equipage and two dogs. After a bit of difficulty, the boat made its way through the breakers. The power-boat in which we had come then waved us a farewell and putted away. She was to call for us again in two weeks.

We began toilsomely to pack our effects up the steep cliff to the mesa where we intended camping. The dogs solemnly accompanied our every step. Pepper was an Airedale, and frivolous in the extreme. Tuxana was a bull-terrier and filled with a sense of life's responsibilities.

On the third and last trip we happened to glance across the ravine to the broad slope of the hill at least four hundred yards away. From the *chollas*, one after the other, seven black spots seemed imperceptibly to detach themselves and to drift down hill.

"There's pigs," said Wes, "and I'm going to scare 'em."

He sat down, resting his elbows on his knees, and squinted a long time through the sights of old "Meat-in-the-pot," his battered .30-40. The dogs sat close to his elbow, looking intently in the direction toward which the rifle pointed. They knew guns and what they meant. Pepper cocked her fuzzy head to one side, and her yellow eyes were as round and unblinking as an owl's. Tuxana's most expressive ears pointed as accurately as a mule's. Both were trembling as though from a chill.

Wes is a most excellent shot, but I believe even he was more or less surprised when he knocked over that pig. The six scattered, recovered, and rushed to shelter. After an instant the wounded animal followed. The two dogs had already disappeared down the ravine. In a moment they reappeared, scrambling up the opposite side, growing smaller and more toy-like across the clear air of the Southwest. Pepper was yapping excitedly; but Tuxana ran silent.

We followed as fast as we were able. By the time we had reached the slope of the hill the dogs had disappeared over it. We toiled to its summit, and at once became aware of the most unholy row going on in a patch of greasewood below us.

The wounded pig was at bay against a little outcropping ledge. It was a sow, fortunately, so the dogs had not been hurt. They had received some pretty severe nips, however, from the animal's blunt teeth; and had already learned that this was no mere dog-fight. A red rage flickered in Tuxana's little eyes. Pepper was yapping excitedly, and dashing in and out. We breathed in gasps after our hard run, and while recovering watched the show.

How do dogs learn the best way to tackle a new proposition of this sort? Neither had ever been set on a wild pig before; and yet in the few minutes' practice on this blunt-toothed old sow they appeared to acquire a complete philosophy of pig-hunting, to learn wherein lay the danger of this particular sport, and to evolve individual methods by which ever after they at once avoided injury and accomplished their object. No further experience was necessary. The old boars rip savagely with their needle-like tusks, yet only once did one of them land—as will later appear. When Wes had recovered his breath he shot the sow through the head; but by that time the two dogs knew what they were after, and how to go about it.

We pitched camp in a ramshackle old shelter made of state-room doors. Over the edge of the cliff were the remains of the wreck from which those doors had come. She lay broken-backed across a rocky ledge, the surf burst over her like shells, and the water surged and drained through the gaps between her poor old bones. Her name was the *Golden Horn*, and it was pleasant to think of her as in the Eastern Trade, laden with sweet-smelling spices and precious things. Some of the debris we gathered was faintly aromatic, like sandalwood; and the state-room doors had bronze gratings by which one could see the broad brown mesa and the turn of the coast, and through which, alas, whistled the Trades! As a matter of fact the sweet-smelling wood was probably part of a cedar chest, and quite

likely the *Golden Horn* carried either coal or codfish. I would never inquire; I like to keep some of my illusions.

Here we unpacked our duffle, hung up our pots, and settled down. Every morning we and the eager dogs started out early. Over the brows of the hills, up the flat-bottomed cañons, along the ridges, climbing higher and higher toward the cliffs of the ranges. The dogs were far afield, nosing through every cover. They attended to the quarry that might be skulking: we watched for the wary old solitaires that required careful stalking. The clean big Trade Winds whistled by us; the semi-tropic sun shone; distant seabirds flashed; the little people of the brush and of the grasses hurried secretly away. It was very pleasant.

Then all at once Pepper or Tuxana would yap. In a moment a number of scurrying black forms would break out from the brush, followed, after another moment, by Pepper's long loping figure. Then Tuxana scrabbled out, tearing along as fast as her short legs could carry her in the bull-terrier's quick piston-like strokes. In this order the procession would, in all probability, disappear.

The Wisdom of the Dogs.

Pepper could always outrun Tuxana two to one. When she had caught up with the pig, she contented herself with leaping about the animal, barking, occasionally running in for a nip, confusing it, and turning it to bay until her partner could catch up. The instant Tuxana arrived, without pause to watch for an opening, as though by prearrangement and signal, the two dogs separated on either side, and hurled themselves at the bewildered pig like thunderbolts. I do not know how they learned it; but, almost at the beginning, they seemed to know that they could hold best by the pig's ears; and after a day at it, they rarely tried for any other hold. After gaining this grip they never let go, unless momentarily shaken off.

Immediately, of course, the boar began to rip right and left, trying to slash one or other of the tormentors so near its tusks. It was most interesting to see how each dog, according to her nature, managed to avoid these lunges. Pepper

relied on her quickness in dodging. Firmly attached to the boar's ear, she nevertheless kept one wary yellow eye on all of its movements. When the animal lunged she skipped nimbly to one side or the other. In the excitement, the hurry and the uneven footing, it seemed that the law of chances, at least, would sooner or later, bring Pepper to grief. Nevertheless, she was never even scratched. Tuxana, on the other hand, being a stockily built and muscular person, used to crouch low and pull backward until she was fairly under the boar's belly. An enraged flip of the animal's head would hale her forth unceremoniously, but at once, her hind quarters low, she began inch by inch to regain her strategic position. Her brown eyes looked out from their pink rims with the utmost satisfaction. Sometimes, as I would dance in, trying for an opening to use my knife, she would roll those eyes up at me and blink as though to say: "Pretty good fun, old fellow!"

The dogs seemed to know the difference also between the sows and the boars. The former, even the largest, were treated with scant ceremony. Pepper acquired the knack of tripping them up, though she weighed not the sixth of most. Then all three would roll and plunge down the hills, over and under, in a cloud of dust, the sow squealing, the dogs uttering muffled dog-sounds of satisfaction and joy. They preferred an ear-hold as handiest, but any would do,—leg, back or neck:—there were no tusks to look out for. We always killed the sows as well as the boars. They are as much of a pest as their consorts or a little more; and in any case it would have been difficult to call off the dogs once their fighting blood was aroused.

No obstacle stood in their way, then. Time and again they crashed and rolled, or deliberately leaped, into tangles of the *chollas* each of whose million spines was as sharp and penetrating as a fine needle. In fact, a regular evening job, was the plucking of these irritating little barbs. Pepper was tough and close-haired. She enjoyed it, lying back in a luxurious swoon, all four legs apart, her yellow eyes half-closed, while we pulled out the spines one by one. Poor old Tuxana, however, with her short coat and



THE CHALLENGE.

pink skin was not so happy. It was an ordeal for both of us; but each day she faced the cactus as eagerly as ever.

At Close Quarters With a Boar.

We personally could participate in any one of three ways; by knife, revolver, or long-range rifle practice.

The first big boar the dogs brought to bay looked very formidable to me. He was a black, red-eyed brute, his jaws were a-slaver and he was very angry. The dogs had him by the ears and he was lunging savagely at them with some long and wicked-looking white tusks.

"You wait for a good chance," Wes instructed me, "then you grab his hind leg farthest from you and give it a heave. That upsets him. Then you knife him back of the foreleg while he's down."

"Wont he get up again?" I asked.

"You've got to be quick," said Wes.

It was worse than jumping off the dock into very cold water. I fooled around there some time before I really got near enough to catch hold. Every time I screwed my resolution up where it belonged, that confounded boar would upset all calculations by lunging in an unexpected direction. He did not play the game at all according to my notions. In the meantime Wes was saying things; Pepper was dodging that tusk by inches; and Tuxana was having the time of her life. Finally I managed to get the required heave. I was surprised to find

how easily and emphatically that boar upset. The nine-inch blade went home.

"Jump!" cried Wes.

I jumped.

The boar shook himself loose and charged blindly. The dogs, whining with eagerness, nailed him again. For perhaps thirty seconds the beast fought on, the blood pulsing from the long deep slash of the nine-inch knife. Then slowly he sank—still fighting.

The dogs let go, sniffed once or twice inquiringly, then sat on their haunches and looked at us. Tuxana's face was wide open, like a catfish, with inches of curled dripping pink tongue hanging down. She was grinning broadly. Every moment or so she did a rather slobbery job of getting in all that tongue and gulping. Then she panted harder than ever. Pepper's expressionless yellow eyes in the fuzzy brown face were as imbecile as

usual; a little curl of very pink tongue, like a shaving, showed between daintily opened jaws; her small black gros-grain nose sniffed daintily. She looked as though she should have had wheels beneath her paws and a string to tow her by. When we moved

on, Tuxana evinced her satisfaction by unreefing a couple more inches of tongue and further splitting her catfish face. Pepper cavorted madly, turning complete circles in mid-air.

That is the sporty way to kill your



THE CHARGE.



VICTORY.



THE DOGS QUICKLY LEARNED HOW TO WORK TOGETHER IN FIGHTING THE DANGEROUS BOARS.

boar. If you remember a few basic principles you are as safe as a cow tied to a brick wall. The dogs prevent absolutely the animal's paying any amount of attention to you; when your knife strikes home, jump out of the way in case the animal shakes itself free momentarily; if by any remote chance it should charge in your direction, remember that a pig cannot run up-hill. Just make your escape up the slope, and you are all right.

We found these animals remarkably tenacious of life. Knife thrusts through the body had little immediate effect—except to make them fight harder. Even a stab of the right sort,—that is, a ripping slash between two ribs from the vertebrae to the breast bone, never seems to kill outright. There is still a good half-minute of fight left, although certainly the boar could not take another breath. They can also carry away a good deal of lead. The soft nose .30-40 had to be well placed even to knock them down.

Variety in the Hunt.

Occasionally we varied this performance. Certain sections of the country lent themselves to stalking. Keeping the dogs rigorously to heel we approached cautiously certain ravines wherein fed the game. Once within easy range we loosed the dogs. As the pigs broke cover, we opened fire on them with our heavy revolvers. This was good practice, as the

dry ground showed where each bullet hit.

By the third method we were accustomed to place ourselves on an eminence overlooking the head of one of the larger cañons. Then we sent the dogs in. The pigs would shortly break from the cañon head, and begin slowly, in single file, to surmount the hill. As has before been mentioned, these animals cannot run up hill. Consequently we, across the cañon, at a range of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, had plenty of time to shoot. We spread the cartridges in front of us, got the range, and shot as well as we were able. The dry ground showed us where each shot struck. The small, moving objects, at the unknown long range, afforded most excellent practice.

A half-day at this was generally enough for both man and dog. The climbing was stiff. About half the time we were running at top speed to catch up with the row. The dogs worked hard.

In the afternoon then, or the morning, we occupied ourselves in various ways.

The Ways of the Seals.

A coast is always fascinating; this one particularly so. The cliffs ran down to rock-ledges in most places. Again a beach of shingle or of sand interposed. On the ledges seals barked and fought and flippered. I used to lie belly down

by the hour watching them through glasses. Thus I acquired an interest in seals. Each old bull had under him a drove of the women and children and the younger bulls learning discipline under his autocratic sway. He was feared and respected, but occasionally some youngster, grown great in his conceit, would invite a trouncing. It was bestowed thoroughly. And then from somewhere out to sea a lone bull would swim in barking a challenge. Always the challenge was accepted. They seemed, to judge by the splashing and the gashes of the victor, to pull off a very competent fight out there among the tumbling waves. If the newcomer won he took charge of the rookery, only he had furthermore and at once to whip every other male member of any size. In the meantime the vanquished chief swam disconsolately away and was no more seen. If, however, as seemed to be generally the case, the old bull managed to beat off the newcomer, he returned very full of snorts and grunts and explosions of satisfaction to receive the congratulations of his family. Seals are very human folk. They appear to kiss each other in affection, and to weep tears when grieved.

They are also very curious. As we walked along the beach, always a row of sleek shining black heads contemplated us from just beyond the breakers. Occasionally one would disappear, drop back from sight, leaving scarcely a ripple. In a moment it reappeared as mysteriously

and with as little fuss, a trifle farther along. They accompanied us thus for miles, watching, unblinking, inoffensive, curious as so many children. These, and the numberless crying, swirling seabirds, and the wind blowing the sands, and the crabs scuttling away, and the white and gray sandpipers twinkling in ranks after the receding wash and twinkling as rapidly back again away from the advancing spume,—these made up the animate constituents of our beach. It was pleasant merely to walk up against the breeze, and back before it, the dogs patting soberly at our heels.

At extreme low tide we sometimes gathered abalones and mussels. These shellfish clamped themselves to the rocks just at the limit of low water. We had to dash madly down the slippery ledges between waves. The rocks were black and pitted and hairy with the long green sea-grasses, and monstrous with strange mushy organisms that spouted water at our touch. Armored crabs rattled into hiding. We slipped into little pools. The water drained away before us with a trickling and sucking. At the lowermost point we tore away an armful of the mussels, or pried loose an abalone with a quick twist of a bar. Then we fled madly, the roar of the sea behind us, the booming of the surf in our ears, the swift upward hissing rush of the wash at our heels. Around us blew the spray. And occasionally one of us got caught, to the other's huge delight.



VENTING THEIR SPITE ON THE FALLEN FOE.

In the long evenings we pulled thorns out of the dogs, and oiled our firearms, and scraped away at our trophies happily.

Twice only did our daily hunting yield us any excitement out of the ordinary thrill of good sport thoroughly enjoyed.

On Sunday we went for a walk in what we supposed was a pigless land. We turned inland because we wanted to get out of the wind. The dogs followed us soberly and in a Sabbath spirit. Suddenly, almost immediately below us in the flat bed of a water-course with precipitous sides, we all caught sight of a huge boar. The dogs rushed to the fray. We tried in vain to call them back.

This particular boar was one of those fierce and sullen beasts we had dubbed "hermits." He ran with no herd; and in the present instance declined absolutely to give ground. As the dogs attacked with their customary resolution, we became agonized witnesses of a fight to a finish.

Now we knew perfectly that neither dog could really injure that boar. They were supposed to hold him until we could administer the fatal thrust. But today our most formidable weapon was one ordinary pocket-knife.

"We got to call them off or he'll kill them," said Wes.

We called, in every tone of entreaty and command. Undoubtedly our authority was good; but as undoubtedly neither dog heard a syllable we uttered. They were entirely absorbed in their rage. For over a half-hour the three fought backward and forward in the bed of that *barranca*. The boar had not the slightest notion of getting away. He had the easy end of it, for he stood always on the defense. The dogs were tiring slightly, but they attacked as valiantly as ever.

"He'll tire them 'til they cant dodge;

and then he'll nail one of them," said Wes anxiously. "And the — fools will stay with him, too!"

Long since we had tried the pocket-knife. We got as far as the bed of the *barranca*. There the boar had charged us so fiercely, dragging both the dogs, that we were glad to scramble back the way we had come.

Finally Tuxana's vigilance relaxed for a brief instant. The boar ripped, and a long red slash appeared on Tuxana's shoulder. In a moment it began to drip.

With one accord we dropped back into the *barranca*. Wes had his pocket-knife and I picked up a big stone, with some vague idea of rapping the boar on the head. This was abject imbecility, of course. The boar's flickering red eyes fell on me. He shook off both dogs, lowered his

head and charged. We changed our minds. Unfortunately for me the clay soil proved slippery and I fell flat on my face.

At this point, Pepper made up for past sins;—and they were many. She seemed to realize the situation, and immediately exploded in a wild celebration of barks, nips and dances fairly in the boar's face. The performance bewildered him long enough to permit me to scramble to my feet.

The incident had this value: for a moment it distracted the dogs' attention long enough so we were able to impress on them a very vehement command. Reluctantly they drew off. We got hold of their collars and breathed a sigh of relief.

The old boar shook his head and looked up at us in two minds whether to scale the steep bank and have it out. Then he moved off slowly up the *barranca*. Every few steps he would turn square around and look back. The dogs in our arms bristled and growled.

We were angry all through with the



A FAIR-SIZED SPECIMEN.

anger that indicates relief. It was not at all to our taste thus to abandon the field; and Tuxana's slashed shoulder showed very ugly.

"You keep track of him," said I to Wes, "and I'll go back to camp for a rifle."

I walked the two miles. On my return I followed Wes's trail for some distance. I found him beneath a bush tying up Tuxana's wounds.

"He's up that cañon," said Wes briefly.

Opposite us was a hill. A shallow steep ravine gashed it, and ran out into a cliff below the summit. It was filled with a growth of flat-leaved spring *chollas* through which the water had cleared a narrow and winding passage in its bed.

Wes, towing the dogs in leash, climbed the side of the hill above the ravine. We agreed the animals had had about enough; and from that point Wes might be able to overlook the game sufficiently to give me information as to our quarry's whereabouts. I followed the winding water-course, keeping my eye on the boar's trail. As long as I could see the tracks for ten or twelve feet ahead of me, I considered myself safe. That was where I was mistaken. It seems that the boar had marched ostentatiously up the bed of the ravine, then doubled back through the cactus, and was lying in wait for me behind a thick clump.

I was wandering along, my eyes fixed on the plain trail ahead, when right behind me I heard a loud *Woof!* There was no necessity of looking back. I made a quick start and sprinted up that ravine. The cactus hemmed me in from the side hills, and the boar could go about as fast I could on this nearly level ground. Wes said he was about one jump behind all the way up that *barranca*. Certainly he was so close that I could not get time to turn and shoot. At the end of a hundred feet or so a tiny edge offered to my right. I made a flying leap for it, whirled, and shot that

boar three times, from the hip, as fast as I could work the lever. That little adventure was over.

Wes and the dogs came down. Ordinarily they paid no attention whatever to dead boars, but this one they worried and worried again. Even while we were taking his head as a trophy, every once in a while one or the other would stalk up, stiff-legged and hair bristling, to pull and shake at her enemy.

The other incident out of the ordinary occurred just as we were leaving. The power-boat had arrived after a choppy fifty-mile journey down the coast. We had made two trips in the small boat loading our outfit and trophies. I was waiting on the beach alone with Pepper for the last trip. As we waited, a big black boar emerged from the *barranca* to northward and wandered along the beach, probably in search of cast-up fish. Pepper saw him first and was off like the wind before I could stop her.

Now Tuxana, nursing her wounds, was aboard, and our knives were aboard, and our rifles and revolvers were aboard. I had strong suspicions that Pepper would manage to bay that boar somewhere, would close with him, and get most awfully mauled. Boar hunting needs team-work.

Lying on my duffle bag was encased a little :25-35 rifle we had brought along to try. It had so happened that we had no occasion to use it, so the ammunition was somewhere in the baggage. I looked down, and there at my feet was a brass cartridge. I picked it up, and it proved to be a :25-35! How it got there, or whence it came, I

am unable to guess. Pepper's guardian angel must have arranged the matter.

I ripped the little rifle out of its case, jammed home the cartridge, and started in pursuit. The chase had turned up the *barranca*, and as soon as I had gone beyond the roar of the surf, I could hear Pepper's distant and excited yapping. I ran fully a half mile before I came up



THE RIGHT SOW BY THE EAR.

with them:—luckily I was in good training. Then I dashed around a bush square into trouble.

The boar was backed up against a little cliff. Pepper was dancing about in front of him. The moment I appeared, the beast charged in the most determined manner.

The ground was quite flat and there

was little room to dodge. As I had but the one cartridge to expend, I realized that it must do the work. Therefore I waited until the boar was within a few feet, and then planted the bullet square between the eyes. The boar rolled over dead. This experience was unique in that the animal deliberately charged home, refusing to be turned by the dog.

From a California Garden

Two Sonnets

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

God's Garden Book

This Book of God, how simple yet sublime!
 What kindly, gracious thoughts, what perfect way
 Of saying those fair things He has to say!
 Each petal of that rose to each doth chime
 Alike, and yet unlike, as rhyme to rhyme.
 What rhythm in the wind-stirred wild-oat spray,
 What cadence in successive floral sway.
 For day and night and seasons mark the time.

And ah! the lofty and well-ordered plan
 That He, in His own way, reveals to man:
 The circle, Life-in-Death, that rights all wrongs
 When earth gives back to Life what Death devours
 The fruitful loves of passing, fragile flowers:
 Here Law and Gospel and The Song of Songs!

The Garden Shrine

Clear sang at dawn bird choristers in bands;
 Our Lady's lilies did the temple scent;
 Their wind-swung censers back and forward went;
 Pale violets that knelt along the sands,
 Frail buds of iris, white as prayer-clasped hands
 Of virgins, callas, gold with silver blent
 As chalice for the Blessed Sacrament;
 All worshipped Him who made and understands.
 So knelt we there and joined the antiphone,
 And your voice answered, echoing my own,
 "I love you, Love. I love you." Crimson wine
 You gave me when you gave your lips to kiss,
 Your purity the chalice! Love, in this
 The consecration of our Garden Shrine!